MEACHAM & WILGUS

DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

MEACHAM & WILGUS, Publishers. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1882. NUMBER 5.

IN A GARDEN.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Pale in the pallid moonlight,
White as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose-garden,
With her shy young love confest.

The [illegible] climbed to kiss her,
The violets purple and sweet
[illegible] their despair in the fragrance
That bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender,
Gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the visions
When the living behold the dead.

There, with her lover beside her,
With life and with love she thrilled,
What mattered the world's wide sorrow
To her with her joy fulfilled?

Next year in the fair rose-garden
He waited alone and dumb,
If perchance from the silent country
The soul of the dead would come,

To comfort the living and loving,
With the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into a quivering welcome
The desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind in the distance
Began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer,
And solemn, and sweet, and slow,

Came a wonderful rapture of music
That turned to her voice at last;
Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead
Like the breath of the wind that passed.

Like the breath of the wind she touched him,
Thin was her voice and cold,
And something that seemed like a shadow
Slipped through his feverish hold.

But the voice had said, "I love you
With my first love and my last."
Then again that wonderful music
And he knew that her soul had passed.

"LA BLONDE MEES."

I.

"Pretty? No; but gentille. Figure to yourself une blonde Mees; and hair, ah! a nymph, undulated, sparkling, golden, magnificent!"

"But not pretty?"

"Well, scarcely, perhaps; but a voice! Ah! not a little filet de voix, but a voice like a silver bell—clear, sympathetic."

"Shall I like 'la blonde Mees?'"

"Like her, yes; love her, no; for she has no fortune."

So far I had heard—overheard; let me avow my dishonorable action. But I was "la blonde Mees," and it was too tempting an opportunity! The window was open; I was outside, lazily enjoying a dreamy siesta in the rose bower, when I heard the murmur of voices. My godmother was talking of me, and the deep, pleasant voice asking so many questions about my insignificant self was no other than her august nephew, the son of her only sister, who had married an Englishman—her favorite, Horace Vernon. "No fortune, indeed," I repeated, softly, and then, clear as a bell, I struck up the old song:

My face is my fortune, sir, she said;
Sir, she said; sir, she said.

Over and over again, with every variety of intonation, I sang the words. Suddenly I ceased. Instinctively I felt he was nearing the window and meditating a descent in search of the singer. Hastily I fled; fear lent wings to my feet; blindly I made a dash at the clipped yew hedge and its labyrinthine paths, when suddenly I stumbled, and should have fallen but for the arms hospitably outstretched to save me. Recovering myself quickly, I drew back with hasty dignity and exclaimed in my best French, "Monsieur!"

He bowed. "Mademoiselle are you hurt?" he said, managing to infuse much tender solicitude into the words. Then with a quick look at me, before I could answer, he added: "Let me introduce myself. I am Horace Vernon, and you must be Miss Eugenie Everard. I have been hearing all about you from my aunt."

I bowed and colored vividly. "Yes! 'La Blonde Mees,'" I could not help retorting with a smile.

"Ah! you overheard us?" he cried with a ludicrous expression of dismay.

Anger and the demons of coquetry prompted me there and then to take off my godmother, and I replied in her voice: "Like her, yes; love her, no; for she has no fortune."

The next moment I felt awkward and confused, for I had hardly realized the meaning of the words. Mr. Vernon laughed.

"Well," he said, "I promise."

"Promise what?"

"To like you."

He offered me a well-shaped, brown hand, into which, after a moment's hesitation, I put my own. The fingers closed over it in a protecting clasp, and I could not but look up gratefully into the handsome sun-burnt face and the merry blue eyes gazing down upon me, as I acknowledged the compact we were making.

Of course my readers will have already decided that I, Eugenie Everard, shall presently fall in love with Mr. Horace Vernon; that he will reciprocate the tender feeling, and thereby break his aunt's heart, and upset all her deeply-laid plans. But the clear-sighted reader does not know that I am turned 19, and have passed those important years in the gay town of London, where I have left an inconsolable lover—a certain Rev. Robert Duncombe, whose betrothal ring I wear on the orthodox finger, and whose photograph I have duly set in a large golden locket, with the touching Greek words A. E. I. on one side, and an impossible monogram of R. D. E. E. in raised filigree work on the other.

Robert is of a saving nature, and has limited our correspondence to three times a week, but he never allows a day to pass without writing, and the budget, when it does come, is a daily journal of his uneventful life. He wished me to follow the same plan, but I am not of regular habits, and have declined to do more than reply to the folios as I receive them. So much for my side. On the other there's a certain heiress with a very large dot (millions of francs) destined for Mons. Horace. Bonne-maman particularly impressed this upon me when she told me she expected her nephew at Dinard. I have not long since arrived from England on a six months' visit to Bonne-maman, otherwise La Comtesse Eugenie Reine Marie d'Harcourt, my mother's old school friend, and my godmother. I was but a baby when I lost both my parents. After my father, Col. Everard's, death I lived with my uncle, but misfortune seemed to claim me as her own; my poor aunt died suddenly, and my uncle, broken-hearted, drifted back into an aimless state of bachelorhood. I felt a burden upon him. Eagerly he availed himself of Mme. d'Harcourt's invitation to me, and promptly saw me off to Southampton from whence I was shipped to St. Malo. There I was met by the Countess' man of-all-work, Jean Pierre, and with him crossed over to Dinard, where Bonne-maman lived in a bright, cheerful white house, with green jalousies, standing in an old-fashioned garden, being near the beach and the lovely bay with its glittering sands of sparkling black granite. Mme. d'Harcourt gave me a hearty welcome to Maison Malounie, and Perrine, the comely, black-haired, bright-eyed maid, stared at me approvingly, and admired my traveling garb of English alpaca as much as I did her wonderful lace cuffs, fixed on with gold pins, and her black silk bib apron over her neat stuff gown.

A month had passed rapidly, and I never wavered in my belief in my godmother until this fatal morning, when I experienced the truth of the old adage, and listening had heard no good of myself. I was nothing, absolutely nothing, to Bonne-maman. All her heart was with the young man who had only just arrived from England, with whom she had been discussing me as a stranger. As if I should ever seek to win the affections of an engaged man! Moreover, am I not myself engaged? Shall I tell her and make her quite comfortable? No; I resolve I will not do so, but let her feel, if ever so slightly, uneasy.

Yes, as we are both safe, I will make myself as fascinating as I can. Horace Vernon is to marry Mlle. Berthe de Pontac, and I am to marry the Rev. Robert, so there can be no harm in a little flirtation, and I shall let things take their course.

II.

Things do take their course, and a very pleasant course it is. The days pass quickly, and I have no time to write letters. The Dinard bathing season will soon be at its height. The Parisian world, including Mlle. Berthe de Pontac, will be here—so Bonne-maman tells me; Horace never mentions her. I often long to ask him about her, but a shy feeling closes my lips. Do I dread that her name should break the spell of happiness cast round my life?

Alas! after some weeks of delightful enjoyment, the spell was broken, and by Bonne-maman.

Horace had fired my imagination by a glowing account of fresh blackberries, the finest, blackest, sweetest that was ever seen. Working upon my enthusiasm, he promised to take me a-blackberrying.

The next morning, in high glee, we sallied forth; he armed with a stout-hooked stick, I with a basket. Past a cottage, with a bright-eyed maiden tending her pet lamb in the kitchen, while her mother was sitting at the spinning-wheel in the morning sun. Through lanes so narrow we had to scramble up the steep bank to let the great white horses with the lumbering wagons go by. "Through bush, through briar," we went and never a blackberry did I see. At last, I ventured to remark upon the singular fact of the flowers and buds being still in full bloom. I heard a slight chuckle, and, looking up at my companion's face, saw a mild gleam of fun on it. "Well, you must indeed be a Cockney born, to think of expecting blackberries in August." For a moment I was put out; then, joining in his merriment, I contented myself with the wreath of wild flowers he had gathered.

From this merry excursion we returned in high glee and good humor, my basket laden with flowers, my hat decorated with berries and brightly tinted leaves. Bonne-maman, contrary to her usual hospitality, did not ask Horace to stay, and he went off there and then to his hotel. Than, having removed my protector, I was treated to a long lecture on my reckless disregard of the proprieties. Were these English manners, or rather the want of them? This running about the country with young men for untold hours, this liberty, was unheard of in France, and I must, at least while under her roof, conform to French usages; unmarried girls could not be too particular.

Conscience-stricken, I could find no words of excuse. The hot blood dyed my face; unshed tears made my eyes burn. Stooping, I kissed Bonne-maman in silence, and, stepping through the open window into the garden, I wandered away out of sight. Yes; I had been unmaidenly, immodest, undignified. Dishonorable, too, forgetting my plighted troth. If only Bonne-maman and Mr. Vernon knew, how they would despise me. Heartsick, I turned away from the garden and sought the solitude of the orchard. There, alone under the shadowy trees, I could think it out. My eyes ached; my head burned; I was humbled to the dust to have failed when I felt so sure of myself. Playing with fire, how could I escape? And he—never in words had he confessed his love, but by a thousand trifles light as air I felt he loved me. And Bertha? Ah! I thought bitterly, he may like me but he will marry her. Will he love her? I throw myself on the soft, cold grass, hiding my face with my hands, and trying to shut out the pain, sorrow and the shame, heedless of the time and the passing hours.

Suddenly a hand was placed on mine and I started up. As I did so my chain caught, the links broke and my locket fell open at Horace's feet. Before closing and returning it he said: "May I?" and, looking at the portrait, remarked: "Your father's likeness?"

I shook my head, and, pointing to the pearl ring I wore, said bravely: "No! I am engaged."

"Engaged!" His voice was husky. "Then you have been amusing yourself—flirting to keep your hand in?" And without another word, but with the most hopeless expression I ever saw, he threw the locket down and left me.

I tottered to my feet. I was avenged—he would despise me as a flirt, but he could not accuse me of giving my love unasked, or forcing it upon a man who was not free. If he were engaged, why, so was I. We were quits.

With trembling hands I drew off the fatal ring, and going to my room laid it with the locket and addressed the parcel to the Rev. Robert Duncombe, and straightway wrote and asked for my freedom. I could bear the thrall no more. I must be free. I wrote kindly, feeling dimly the pain I was inflicting; but at all risks I must be free.

III.

Horace was staying at Dinan. The Baroness de Pontac and her daughter had arrived and called on Mme. d'Harcourt. Of course, on Horace's return he would be dancing attendance upon his fiancee.

Robert had written. I was too depressed to feel wounded at the tone of his reply, or might have resented his agreeing with me on the desirability of breaking off the engagement. In a postscript he added that he had the promise of the vicarage of Capel-le-Ferne and its £1,500 a year, and I came to the conclusion that his joy at his worldly advancement had taken away the sting from his heart's adversity. I was thankful that it was so. The morning was clear and bright, and a swim in the sea was a tempting remedy to drown dull care, so I strolled down leisurely to the beach. I was late, and when I emerged from my "cabane" found a crowd of gossiping idlers in possession of every chair and available seat. Not a nook or corner but was filled with gay couples, working, chattering, smoking and "frivoling."

Classically draped in my white wrapper, my hair piled up on high, undisfigured with the oilskin cap the French ladies affected, I hurriedly walked through the criticising audience, and, leaving my mantle in Perrine's care, was soon disporting myself in the crisp, sunny waves. After a longer swim than usual I waded out a dripping Niobe. I looked for Perrine and my wrapper—in vain; she was nowhere to be seen. After a momentary hesitation I prepared to run the gantlet of the assembled multitude and make a quick rush at my sheltering cabane.

With a sudden inspiration, I unloosened my long hair and let its shining, golden glory fall around my costume, thereby trying to feel a little less abject, and so made my way through the "mob," as I spitefully called the loungers surrounding the cabanes. With a ludicrous sense of humiliation and flaming cheeks, I saw Horace in lively conversation with a Parisian elegante, exactly in front of my haven of refuge. I made a frantic dart at the canvas door, to be greeted with the sight of an unmistakable pair of manly boots. I turned and fled—oh, miserie! in my confusion I had forgotten the number. I must pass them, vaguely wondering if beach etiquette expected me to acknowledge Horace. I prepared for another dash—when a lady obligingly pointed out a canvas tent with a polite "*c'est la, mademoiselle*," and rushed to hide my blushes under the friendly canvas. On my return, Bonne-maman told me she expected the Baroness de Pontac and her daughter and Horace.

Although I was brokenhearted, vanity was not dead; I determined to look my best. I gathered my hair in a knot, and placed among the wavy fringe of curls some gorgeous crimson tinnias. I half feared a rebuke from Bonne-maman as to being over-dressed—so slipped on a back silk gown, wherein I had artfully inserted a white lace tucker and shiny jet-embroidered ruffles; another cluster of scarlet tinnias and black mittens finished off the severe and unbecoming costume, in which I entered the room prepared to make the acquaintance of the hateful de Potacs.

Mlle. Berthe only was there, arrayed in fashionable attire, and I was scarcely surprised to recognize in her Horace's lively companion of the morning. Horace behaved beautifully in Bonne-maman's eyes. After greeting me coldly, he overlooked my insignificant presence, lost in the overpowering brilliancy of sparkling and amusing Bethe. She absorbed him entirely. They were making arrangements for a trip to Mont St. Michel, where he and I had talked of going. How wretched I felt, how wild with the scraps I heard: "Train from St. Malo—carriage at Dol, on to the Hospice." I must make a diversion, and somewhat abruptly asked Mlle. de Pontac to play or sing. In vain Bonne-maman objected that it was getting dusk, and she did not want lights, as it rested her eyes. Mlle. Berthe, gracefully shaking out her puffs and laces, sweetly observed that she would play for Mme. d'Harcourt, and sing for mademoiselle.

She rattled through a noisy and brilliant piece, and then her voice, sharp and metallic, filled the air: "Si vous n'avez rien a ma dire." She was singing it at Horace, who, apparently buried in thought, was sitting near her. I wondered if he remembered it as one of the songs I had often sung to him. Bonne-maman coughed and fidgeted and shivered; Mlle. Berthe bravely sang on, sometimes flat, sometimes sharp, finishing up at last on a note that jarred every nerve and fiber.

Horace was profuse in thanks, and I, too, thanked her, and added immediately: "Shall I sing you a little English ballad?" Bonne-maman interrupted me to order the lamp, but I maliciously remarked that I would sing a twilight song first. I could not resist my anticipated triumph. Straight from my heart the words rang out, "In the Gloaming," and vibrating strangely through the dusk came the farewell to my love, mine no longer: "Best for you and best for me."

I must have sung better than usual, from the deep silence paid as tribute to my talent, and, under cover of the darkness, I rose, and, stealing silently to the door, sought the friendly night wherein to hide my sorrow. Perrine met me with the lamp, and, leaving the hateful light and the happy circle, I turned away to the garden.

IV.

Hurriedly I went past the clipped yew hedge, to the stone seat, on which I sank, and, burying my face in my hands, burst into passionate tears. I was young, and this, my first sorrow, seemed too great a burden. I heard footsteps, and, shrinking back into the shadow of the hedge, waited breathlessly. They were passing, when the treacherous moon shone out and bathed me in a flood of silvery light. A hand was kindly laid upon my head. There, in all the glory of his six-foot stature, in the white shining moonlight, stood Horace, looking down with kind and pitying eyes upon the tear-stained face uplifted to him; and in the winning voice of old I heard my name.

"Eugenie, what is it?"

"Nothing," I murmured.

He bent to hear my trembling answer.

"Nothing that I can do?"

"Nothing that I can undo," I replied.

Lower and lower he bent, and nearer and nearer, in dangerous proximity, had it not been for Berthe. Her shadow was between us. Tenderly taking my cold hands in his, he stroked them gently. Suddenly he gave a start.

"Where is it?" and he passed his fingers lightly over mine.

"It?" I inquired.

"Your ring. You should wear it always, or a fellow may be tempted to forget himself."

"And you," I replied, "you too, should wear a ring. French husbands do, and you should do in Rome as the Romans do."

"But I am only half French," he laughed, "and I might marry an English girl; then I need not wear a ring."

"Berthe de Pontac is very French," I returned.

"Mlle. de Pontac! Eugenie, I am too proud to marry a woman with money."

"And too poor to marry one without," I sadly retorted.

The words slipped out, and before I could cough them down I was in his arms and smothered with kisses. Ere I could realize my happiness a discreet cough sounded from the path, and we started apart to see Perrine slowly advancing.

"How touching of her to warn us," said Horace. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind; she's setting her cap at Pierre."

"Her cap!" I laughed merrily; "and such a cap!"

Monsieur was wanted to escort Mlle. Berthe, and madame wanted mademoiselle.

I could not see Bonne-maman. I trembled guiltily at the thought. With a whispered "Till to-morrow," we parted—Horace to convey Mlle. Berthe to her lordly chateau, I through the kitchen to my bower. I hastily undressed and sought my couch. Half an hour later, when Bonne-maman softly entered on tip-toe, I pretended to be asleep. Even then I feared she must read my secret on my face. She turned away with a little sigh, and I felt a terrible humbug. My intense happiness frightened me, and in vain I tried to sleep. At last, toward morning, I fell into a doze, from which I awoke with a feeling of coming evil.

The feeling was verified. The next morning Bonne-maman was too ill to rise. I sat near her, and after awhile she murmured in a feeble voice: "Eugenie, my child, I should like you to stay with me; always, if your people will not object. When Horace is married I shall be very lonely. Will you stay, dear, until you, too, marry and leave the old woman?"

The blood flamed in my cheek; I stooped and kissed her fondly.

"I will not leave you, Bonne-maman, unless—unless you send me away."

While I was speaking the doctor came. Alas, my dreaded forebodings were realized! Bonne-maman was indeed ill, stricken with typhus fever.

And so my dream ended. I looked my last upon Horace. He was obliged to leave for England, and the doctor was to telegraph him bulletins of Mme. d'Harcourt's health. In vain he urged me to let the Sister of Charity take my place beside her. I was firm. A duty was before me—clear and distinct. I was needed by the kind old lady who had befriended me and offered me a home. True to the old friend, if it must be, I must risk losing the young friend, the more than friend. I do not deny that it was a struggle between duty and inclination, but she needed me, and he—well, "he loved and he rode away."

Days grew into weeks, weeks lengthened into months; Bonne-maman varied, now better, now worse. At last my patience was crowned with success; my love won her back from the arms of death.

She owned her life to my nursing. The yellow flag was still flying, and we were not out of quarantine when Perrine, with her face shining like a beneficent sunbeam, importantly announced "a visit."

It was a bright spring morning, and, as the visitor was in the sitting room, I decided upon holding a parley from the garden, thus averting any danger from lingering infection. Throwing a scarf around my head, I stood before the closed window and tapped lightly; instantly it flew open and I was clasped in the arms of my stalwart lover.

He laughed my fear of infection to scorn, suggested a warmer climate for Bonne-maman, a month or two at Cannes—and, as I also needed a thorough rest, he proposed changing Miss Eugenie Everard into Mrs. Horace Vernon.

I think Perrine must have put Bonne-maman up to a thing or two. She was not surprised to hear the news, and I was considerably relieved to find her own "she was glad her one darling was to marry her other darling."—*The Argosy.*

Odd Facts About Pigeons.

In the pigeon case in the Central Park Museum are some of the bones of that extinct and much maligned bird, the dodo, the giant of pigeons, being the only specimen in the country. Two hundred and fifty years ago they were found in the Mauritius islands in great quantities. It was a curious bird, as large as a swan. The bill in the case is not unpigeonlike, though 100 times the size of its modern representative. They were sluggish birds, unable to fly, and laid a single egg about the size of a turkey's.

Another queer pigeon that lived at that time, and which is now extinct, is the solitaire. It was found on the island of Rodriguez. It was larger than a turkey, and in general respects resembled the dodo. Another was the Nazarene, that was twice as large as the dodo. But the most remarkable was the didunculus, a living relative, and closely allied to the dodo. The bird was rather larger than our common partridge, and possessed the curious naked skin surrounding the eyes which characterized its ancestor.

One of the finest of the thirty or more different species of pigeons is the oceanic fruit bird of the Pelen islands. There they are found in thousands, feeding on nutmegs. They become very fat, and the fat, which has a strong flavor of the nutmeg, is considered a great dainty by many. It is said that they grow so fat that when shot they fall on the ground and are shattered to pieces by the fall. Not only are they valuable as a means of subsistence, but they seem to have been appointed to help carry out one of the great laws of nature. It is a well-known fact that the nutmeg has to pass through some chemical process before it will grow, and in the stomach of these birds the nutmeg is prepared for reproduction.

The question how carrier-pigeons find their way home is probably one never to be determined. Some writers assert that the birds are guided by landmarks, and give as proof that, when the ground is covered with snow, the birds are confused, and others say that they are influenced by some magnetic or electric current, and on this point it is noticed that birds either fly east or west, north or south, and when started rise at a great height, and for a minute hesitate, and then by unknown instinct they dart off in the right direction. The exact date of their utilization is not known, but, as far as we know, Noah had the honor of having first pressed into service our feathered friends. Pliny says that these birds were used by Brutus and Hirtius during the siege of a town by Marc Antony. In 1764, at the siege of Leyden, they were used by the Prince of Orange, and by their means he succeeded in freeing a town that was besieged. To show his gratitude he ordered that the sagacious birds should be fed on strawberries, and when dead that they should be embalmed with all honor. In Pliny's time navigators from Cyprus and Egypt carried these birds on their galleys, and on their safe arrival liberated them to convey the good news to their families.—*New York Sun.*

Good Humor.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good humor.

He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than those that admire his excellencies or solicit his favors; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires.

A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.—*Samuel Johnson.*

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Professor Blyth, lecturing at Glasgow, has called attention to the adaptability of the oxyhydrogen light for general use. The illumination is very brilliant and beautiful, the gases may be stored and delivered in the same manner as coal-gas, and he believes that the system may be made economical by using wind or water powder to produce the gases.

In view of the ravages of the phylloxera, which have so seriously interfered with vine growing, a French agriculturist has sought to discover a substitute for the vine, and is said to have obtained very good results with a variety of red beet. This beet yields a wine which is said to be equal to many of Southern growth, and the plant has the advantage of being adapted to all soils and climates.

Several interesting archæological "finds" in Europe are reported. Near Caltanisetta, Sicily, several caverns have been found, which are evidently burial places dating from the period when the ancient Sicilians had already been ousted by the Italian tribes, but before the Greek colonization had begun. At Nordrup, Denmark, the remains of seven human bodies have been found under a few feet of pumace stone, numerous bronze objects, gold rings, Roman glasses, mosaics, glass beads, etc., being also discovered among the remains.

Astronomical knowledge of the remarkable ring of small planets traveling between the orbit of Mars and Jupiter commenced with the first day of the present century, when Piazzi discovered the first of these objects, which he named Ceres. Other discoveries followed at irregular intervals until, in 1845, the number of these small planets—or asteroids, as they are usually called—was increased to five. Since that year the list has extended very rapidly, and 220 have now been discovered. No estimate can be found of the total number of the asteroids. They are very small, and Severrier has computed that their combined mass is probably less than one-fourth of the earth's mass. From the size of Vesta, which is estimated to be 319 miles in diameter, they dwindle to an unknown minuteness. Herr Hornstein has communicated to the Vienna Academy the result of recent researches, which appear to prove that the number of asteroids, with a diameter of over twenty-five miles, is very small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1859. The number with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small, at least in the inner parts of the asteroid zone next Mars; in the outer region next Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have diameters between five and fifteen miles. The average number with a diameter of five to ten miles, discovered during the last twenty years, is about three each year; the yearly number of ten to fifteen miles diameter is about one and three-fifths. Herr Hornstein believes, therefore, that unless much more powerful telescopes are used future discoveries will be chiefly confined to those measuring five to fifteen miles in diameter.

How Maine Girls Work.

A young lady writing from Temple Mills, Maine, to the Cincinnati *Farming World*, is evidently preparing herself to support some young man who is constitutionally opposed to physical exertion. She says: "My father owns a large farm and a nice lot of cattle and sheep and I and my sister was born on this large farm and always have lived here, and of course we think there is no place like home, but we can play on the piano or organ as well as the next one. I play in two churches in this town every Sunday, unless it is too rainy to have a meeting. I can spin yarn (not street yarn), for I don't take any stock in them, but real woolen yarn. Two years ago this summer I spun sixty-four and one-half pounds of wool and made one hundred and nine yards of cloth all for ourselves. I can harness our horse and take a drive when I like, and I and my sister can yoke the oxen or unyoke them when there is need of it; have done so several times this winter, and I and my sister have done all the chores a great many times this winter when father was away, and we can do all kinds of fancy work as well as the next one. Now mother and I and sister takes all the care of a large garden after it is plowed and we get premiums on our vegetables. I am twenty-one and my sister is nineteen years old."

Sanitary Item.

"You are looking bad," remarked Snowberger to Colonel Percy Yerger. "What's the matter?"

"The doctor says my lungs are affected and that I must not take more than three drinks a day."

"I would try some other doctor."

"I did, and he said the same thing."

"Well, then, it each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks."

"I never thought of that before. I'll see the rest of the doctors in Austin, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, that will make about sixty drinks a day, and that is as much as is good for an invalid."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Picture conundrum," is a game which requires no apparatus but a pencil and a slip of paper. The first player draws a picture and folds the slip so as to hide it. The second writes a guess as to what the picture is; the third does the same, and when all have written the list is read aloud.